



# ROLLER DERBY

*No. 11* For  
ADULTS \$2.50



## ROLLERDERBY COVER GIRL CINDY DALL

\*Trendsetter Cindy mixes and matches this season's hottest items: stuffed animals and plastic flowers. Says Cindy: "I don't wear foundation as it clogs my pores; I thought I'd try stuffed animals instead." All concepts by Cindy Dall except cover photo co-conceived with Tim Vigil. Cover and stove girl photography by Tim Vigil. Sailor girl photography by Bill Callahan.



*Due to the outrage of those who skated into See Hear and grabbed and bought Rollerderby before finding out the magazine has nothing to do with roller derby (I'm disappointed too), I've decided to clear up the confusion by adding a subtitle. Here's what I came up with:*

**Gay Pride Bride of Big Butt or Another One Bites the Butt or Hey Buddy, Y'Got a Butt? - can't decide.**

**Really Cute and Funny - suggested by J.A. Sla ton.**

**There's A Bad Moose Rising -** that's the truth, *Rollerderby* is a bad moose rising. But is the truth strong enough to halt a whizzing, grabbing skateboarder?

**Nice Terry Cloth, Bitch! -** a personal favorite. Yelled more or less in unison by five teenage girls in an old car. They were referring to my lilac terry cloth short shorts and matching top--a set which symbolizes breezy happiness. Culture. My proud terry cloth is Rome; those screaming girls are the barbarians. And the almost unlicked chocolate-peanut-butter ice cream cone I threw at them symbolizes the unifying nature of Rollerderby: it is the link between elegance and raw nature.

**G DILKS** reviews the Suckdog video "All The Bec(a)st" for Officer of HM Customs and Excise magazine.

For your information it depicts scenes of defaecation, urination, masturbation and domination which bring it within the scope of prohibition under the Customs Consolidation Act 1876.

### REPLACEMENTS NECESSARY



Note new prices: Rollerderby #1	\$1.25
RD 4-10	\$2.50 each or all 7 for \$14
RD 11 - ∞	\$3 each
Subscription:	\$8 for 3 issues (specify which)
Rollerderby t-shirt:	\$10
Rollerderby video:	\$15
Suckdog "All the Bec(a)st" video:	\$15
Suckdog t-shirt:	\$10
Suckdog ♥ booklet:	\$2.50
Suckdog's awful, embarrassing "Little Flowers Dying" cassette:	\$4
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# Things to do in Bathrooms at Parties to Make Yourself Prettier

LISA: Have any secret tips for freshening up in the bathroom at parties?

BOB FEY: Just make sure to shake when you're done.

LISA: Shave?

BOB: Shake.

LISA: Well, boys need to be fresh too...be at their best.

DEBBI SHANE: Make sure the comb isn't too greasy when you use it.

DIANA: I make sure there's no weird thing stuck between my teeth. I have kind of yellow-stained teeth anyway because I smoke too much, but...

LISA: Your name, age, and where you grew up?

DIANA: Why do you need to know *that*?

LISA: I don't *need* to. It's not the number one need in my life.

DIANA: Okay, I'm from Cleveland, I'm 25. My name is Diana.

LISA: That sounds like a threat.

MITCHELL: Personally, I like to wash my face.

LISA: When you go to a *party* you wash your face?

MITCHELL: Well, sometimes. If you're in the bathroom and your face feels kind of...sticky, or *oily*, say.

LISA: Bathroom beauty tips at parties?

TERRI MANNING: Ohhh--cucumbers.

LISA: Cucumbers?

TERRI: Cucumbers are natural moisturizers.

DIANA: You know, I have a problem linguistically with you saying they're natural moisturizers. I think it's good to say they're *moisturizers*.

TERRI: Well, they're naturally *moist*.

DIANA: Yes! I'm sure! So are lots of things--naturally moist. If you want to change the way that you think about stuff--if you want moisturizers you have to go to the store and buy Jergens hand lotion--and that's like not very great--one of the things you should do is not say, "Use a natural moisturizer like a cucumber," but say, "You know what? A cucumber works just as well or better than Jergens."

TERRI: Well, my concept of using a cucumber at a party would require a lot of floor space because everyone has to lie on the floor. See, the cucumber is a natural moisturizer. Pre-birth control pill times, women would hollow out a lemon and use it as a cervical block. But the lemon would cause extreme irritation due to acidity, so the cucumber was used to keep the vagina from drying out. At the party, everyone lies on the floor, slice a room temperature cucumber and apply it to everyone's shut eyes. It is very soothing and cosmetically appealing.

LISA: That sounds like a quiet party.

TERRI: You can still talk with your eyes closed.

ANN-MARIE: You stand in a doorway and push your arms outwards against the



Bob Fey and Lisa. My pin says: *That's not a bald spot; it's a solar panel to the sex machine.*

doorway--do it for like a minute and then you stop and you stand in the middle of the room and your arms will start to rise. It's totally uncontrollable.

LISA: Wow. I never thought I would learn so many fascinating things at Darcy's going-away party!

CORNELIUS APPLEBEE: Once when I was 12, my sister and I were at this really stoner party. I had to go to the bathroom and take a shit and I thought, "Oh great, at a party and everyone's gonna smell it." So, I went in there and did it, then I realized there was no toilet paper. So I was like, "Oh my God, what do I do?" Finally I thought, "Well, I'm from out of town, I don't know anyone here--I'll just, like, grab this towel..." So I did that, and then I hid it as far deep in the closet as it could go. Then I came out with a little smile--



Terri Manning Photo: Alex Behr

little 12 year old's smile--on my face.

LISA: Well, I bet you felt fresh after that!

APPLEBEE: I felt very fresh. It worked much better than just plain old toilet paper.

LISA: You know, Arabs use their left hand and water.

APPLEBEE: Yeah, I learned that when I was in Morocco.

LISA: My husband went there. He started eating with both hands and they were **OUTRAGED**--they wanted him to leave the house.

APPLEBEE: Actually, if you eat your own food with two hands, it's no problem--but it's reaching into the communal bowl that's--

LISA: There's one of our hosts--I better tell him what you did. You know what Mr.

Applebee does? You better watch out--he uses his host's towels to wipe his **BUM**!

MITCHELL: That's not exactly like *freshening up* though, you know what I mean?

LISA: No, sir--you feel fresh every time you break a boundary. You feel like you're starting all over again.

APPLEBEE: I'll go for that.

VICKY WHEELER: Here's a tip for B-cup women who want dramatic décolletage but who find surgical tape uncomfortable: Put on any underwire bra (a demi-bra is best) and shorten the straps bra couple inches. Pull your breasts up over the top of the bra cups towards each other and secure the entire bra underneath. Then put on a blouse and unbutton it and behold how you're stacked!! The only disadvantage is that you have to re-push the breasts up sort of frequently (every ten to twenty minutes), so you have to excuse yourself to "powder" your "nose" a lot--but as you emerge from the girls' room, just imagine what all the on-lookers are thinking: "What a rack!" It really works!

DAME DARCY: Before I found out about Wet-n-Wild Number Five-oh-eight lipstick, which is the color of blood, I would make a hangnail and use the blood for lipstick, or my period blood if I was having it. Also, I don't know if this is really a *beauty* tip, but I would always look in their medicine cabinet to see all the dirty secrets my hosts had.

LISA: Hullo! Do you have any bathroom tips for freshening up?

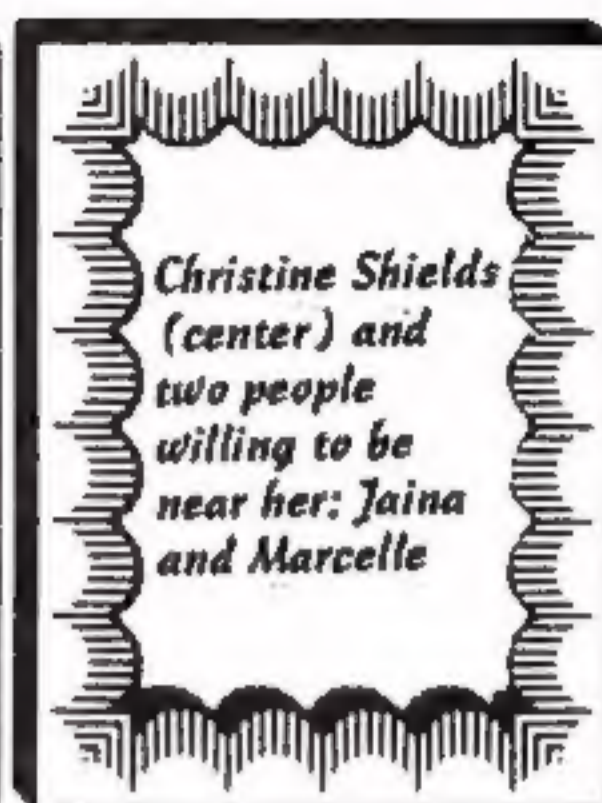
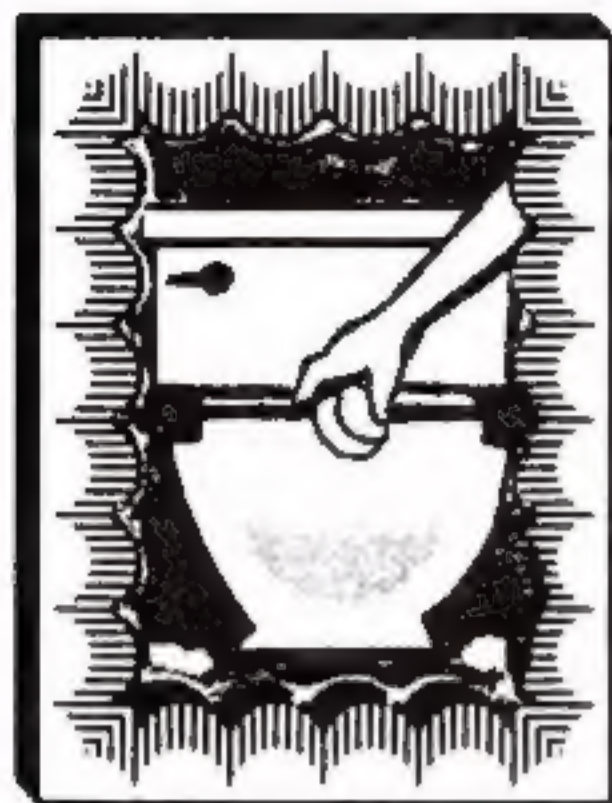
MAXIMO: For freshening up?

LISA: Yes, please.

MAXIMO: Hm. No, I'm afraid I don't.

LISA: That's dreadful! Do you feel very stale?

MAXIMO: Oh, I don't know. I suppose you could freshen up by taking a drink out of a hidden hip flask--something really good you didn't want to share with anybody.



LISA: Hi! Got any tips for freshening up in the bathroom?

MAN: The bathroom's down there, if that's what you mean.

DEBBI: Lisa, I got a beauty tip for the bathroom! If you have a zit you have to pop it.

LISA: But then you run the risk of having the red, gaping wound bleeding down your face.

DEBBI: No, then you take toilet paper and dab it.

LISA: But what if it's a really ferocious zit?

DEBBI: Mine aren't.

LISA: When you give tips, you got to be careful, 'cause you don't know where it might lead to.

DEBBI: That's true.

LISA: So, Debby, go to hell.

DEBBI: Know your skin.

DONALD THE NUT: You could go into the bathroom and take off your underwear and hide it.

CHRISTINE SHIELDS: Freshening up?

Well, when I'm not smelling so well I take that little wafer inside the toilet seat--if it's not been used too much, if it's still fresh--and I just rub right under the old armpit. But don't tell anyone!

LISA: Tips?

DERRY CLUNT: Take a nip of hooch.

SEYMOUR GLASS: Don't come out.

ROB'T NEDELKOFF: First of all, check to see if there's any fungus growing on the soap.

LISA: Very important.

ROB'T: Also, make sure there's toilet paper.

LISA: What do you do if there's none?

ROB'T: Use tissue paper.

LISA: What if there's no tissue paper?

ROB'T: Oh, it's very simple: you take the cardboard toilet paper roll and tear it up and--

LISA: What if someone's already done that?

ROB'T: Then I suppose you take the wax paper that lines the bottom of the drawers out and use that.

LISA: What if there's no dresser?

ROB'T: Well then I suppose you'd have to use your fingers then.

LISA: Eww! Robert! Now everybody knows! Gross.

GARY HELD: I check my teeth and forget to zip up my fly.

LISA: To try to score?

GARY: Yeah. But it doesn't work.

DAVID HOPKINS: If you have to fart or take a shit and you're worried that people are gonna come in while it still smells bad, strike a match and shake it out right away--the sulfur will absorb all the bad smell.

LISA: How about you?

MARK DAVIES: Just...uh...uh...

LISA: Wait a minute, what's your name again?

MARK: Mark.

LISA: I knew it! You have a story to tell, don't you? I've heard about you. Tell it. About the poop.

MARK: Okay. I didn't have a bed, I had a foam pad that I would roll up in the day. It was New Year's Eve. I was very inebriated. I got home from the party. Um...I opened my window, threw up out the window, and then I realized I had to take a shit. But I was not in a state to remember that you had to go to the

bathroom to do that. Then I rolled out my foam pad and went to sleep. The next day I was very sick and I just laid around in my room, didn't really move, and the whole day it smelled kind of bad in there. I had my suspicions, but... Eventually, by evening time, it crossed my mind that maybe I should check under my pad. And there it was.

LISA: Are you the one who pooped on the couch here?

MARK: No.

LISA: Someone came here, pooped on the couch, and left.

BRIAN D: What's the tip here?

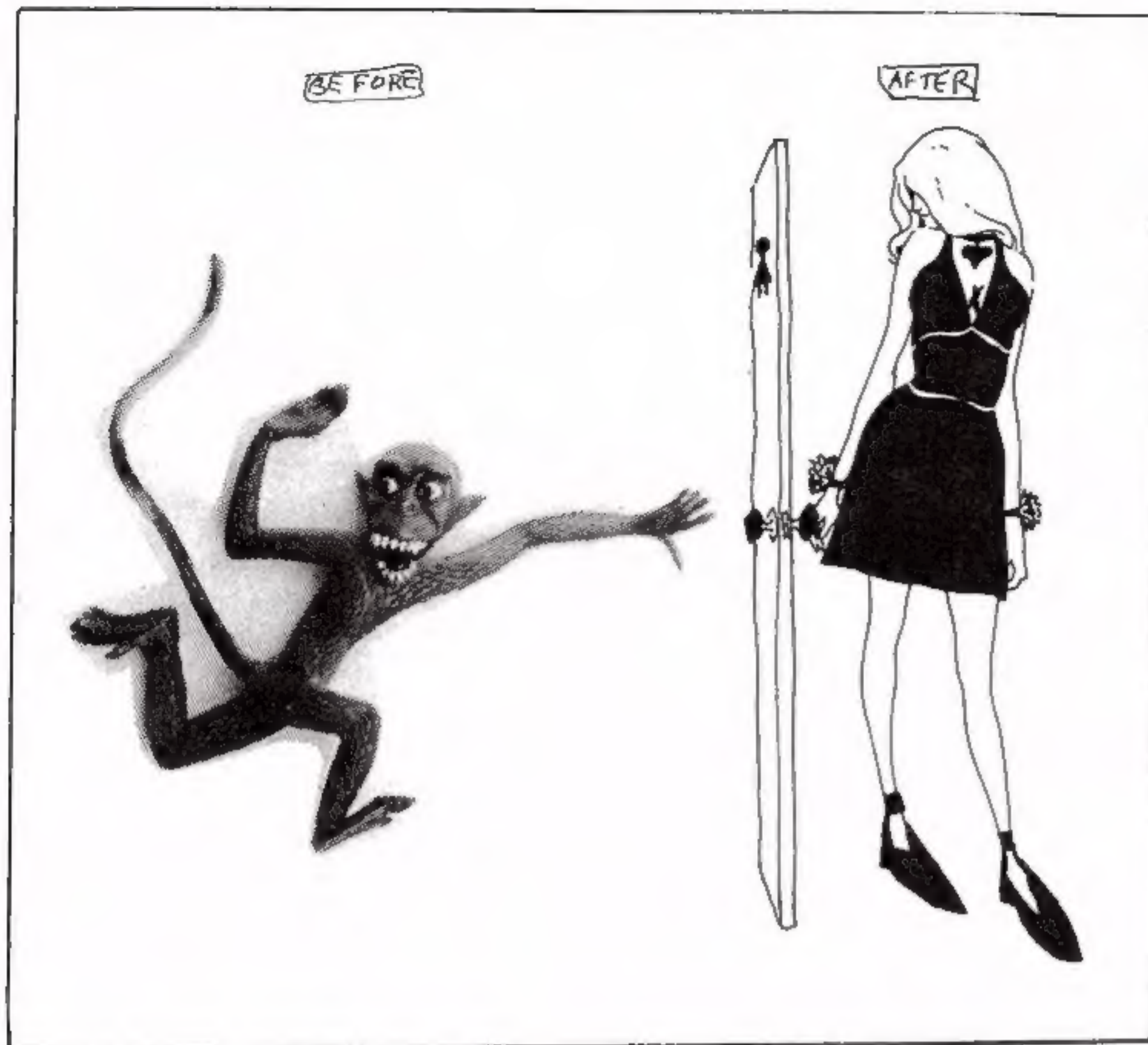
LISA: Well you certainly don't have any tips.

BRIAN D: I'll tell you: Sometimes it takes longer than I would like.

LISA: See what the drug alcohol does to you? An hour ago Brian D. was so taciturn he refused to answer the question at all. Now he's trying to tell us about his constipation problems.

DAVID: I find at parties that when I'm





very true illustration: Lisa Carver

running low on energy and I need to rejuvenate, resuscitate myself, it's best to get in an argument with somebody. Raises the energy level right up.

DAN CLOWES: I usually look through the medicine cabinet. Steal maxi-pads.

LISA: You steal maxi-pads? For your gal

pal?

DAN: No, I like those panty liners 'cause you can stick 'em on someone's back.

LISA: You've done that?

DAN: Yes.

LISA: What do you do?

ERICA: I avoid the bathroom at other

people's house. I had a troubled childhood toilet experience: In kindergarten, the boys and girls shared a bathroom and there were no stalls; just toilets. The boys would stand over you and say they could see your genitals as you peed. It was a high pressure situation. Dan can't shit in someone else's toilet.

DAN: This is true.

LISA: Even if you're there for three days?

DAN & ERICA: Yeah.

LISA: How do you feel about public bathrooms, Dan?

ERICA: No, never. He can't.

DAN: No, no.

LISA: So you can't travel.

ERICA: No, he can.

DAN: I can.

ERICA: He can acclimate after a few days.

DAN: I have to kind of pretend that I'm--

ERICA: I'm that way too.

LISA: You try to imagine you're home, Dan?

DAN: I try to feel like, "Ah, I'm comfortable here. No one's gonna barge in."

ERICA: He hears people sniffing outside the door.

MAN: What if it has a lock on it?

DAN: A lock is breakable.

JOHAN KUGELBERG: Well here's a question: Why do you think the gay community is so comfortable with fecal matter?

DAN: Oh come on!

LISA: Really, Johan.

DAN: Get with the program.

JOHAN: I read a big article. I'm serious.

DAN: So what does "Kugelberg" mean?

JOHAN: "Mound of small rocks."

\* This article was inspired by Vicky Wheeler, who is always fresh \*

#### • name.

Bob Fey (A)  
Debbi Shane (B)  
Diana (C)  
Terri Manning (C, D)  
Cornelius Applebee (D)  
Vicky Wheeler (G)  
Dame Darcy (H, P)  
Jaina (I)  
Marcelle (E)  
Donald The Nut (D, Q)  
Derry Clunt (P)  
Seymour Glass (C, J)  
Rob't Nedelkoff (R)  
Gary Held (K)  
David Hopkins (L)  
Mark Davies (F)  
Dan Clowes (M)  
Johan Kugelberg (N)

#### • significant contribution to humankind.

A - Sebadoh (band)  
B - The Melvins (band)  
C - Barbara Manning (band)  
D - Three Day Stubble (band)  
E - Star Pimp (band)  
F - Thinking Fellers (band)  
G - Autotonic (publicity)  
H - Meat Cake (comic)  
I - Flatter (magazine)  
J - Bananafish (magazine)  
K - Revolver (label)  
L - Public Bath (label)  
M - Eightball (comic)  
N - Matador (label)  
O - got in an exciting fight towards the end of the evening  
P - woman-about-town  
Q - appeared on The Gong Show  
R - is Rob't Nedelkoff





CHEETAH



KUCK



BLACK CAT



CHEETAH's old. She feels like an old man when I pick her up, like David Bowie in Catherine Deneuve's arms in *The Hunger*. Cheetah has a wimpy yet hostile nature which makes the other cats attack her. While Cheetah spends most of her time hiding under the couch or throwing up, she made a startling about-face one lazy afternoon last summer—I opened the back porch door to find her and a huge stray cat in a duel. My adrenaline zoomed from 0 to 60 in one second at the sight of my de-clawed (not by me) cat on the bottom, and I threw my half-eaten pear at the stray with the strength of 10 men and the accuracy of a Zen archer. Hit it square in the belly and off it ran—

with me, screaming, chasing after it. And Cheetah, tail grossly enlarged, was charging right alongside me! But the big bully was long gone and, panting, Cheetah and I embraced.  
-Lisa

I think KUCK is extremely annoying. She always yowls at the door and the window to come in so she can wreck and destroy. Kuck also got pregnant and we had to fix her. I feel that Kuck is my sister in doing all the wrong things and not being able to stop or get it through her stupid head what she's doing wrong in the first place, ie. she acts like she's being locked outside for no good reason but whenever we let her in she beats up Cheetah and runs madly around the house yelling. She also broke Seymour's coffee pot (another trait Kuck and I have in common). I will never love Kuck but somehow she has manipulated her stinky little way into my otherwise unpenetrable heart.  
-Darcy

BLACK CAT has the best qualities of Cheetah and Kuck; she's mature and understated, yet brave and affectionate too. But she poops on the chairs.  
-Lisa

## THE TAIL of BOOBS CARVER

There once was a cat named Boobs Carver  
One day we all drove to the harbor  
Boobs sat in the car  
Didn't go very far  
Gried. soufryly ~ harder and harder

But there was more to Boobs than just tears  
He knew no such thing as mere fears  
He beat up the boys  
With the girls made some noise  
Boobs probably also drank beer

One time Boobs took off for three weeks  
Boobs wandered more than Arabian  
shicks

Mom's income tax came  
Boobs struggled home lame  
"Let's buy hoola hoops and cat  
treats!"

Bill Callahan drew the three cats. The book-guarding cat came from Susan Striker's *The Newspaper Anti-Coloring Book*. "Beerbelly Boobs" was drawn by Lisa. Just received Nell Zink's *Animal Review* #1, which I found highly informative. (81 Grand St. #4, Jersey City, NJ 07302)



LISA: Do you feel that playing easy listening music is rediscovering your roots as a white person?

MR. THE MILLIONAIRE: Well, yeah. I handed that one to you. That's one of those questions like "Did you feel when you saw the Grammys that you should have won?" I can only answer "yeah."

LISA: I'm guessing that you're playing big band music or lounge music for an indie rock crowd.

\$: Indie rock is where we all come from--that's the skeleton in our collective closet. I sort of imagined our target audience to be disaffected indie rockers and jazz fans for whom jazz is not fun enough or is too serious. I envisioned Combustible Edison as a tool to propagate this cocktail revolution. We even have a manifesto. See, I imagine this as a viable lifestyle that was truncated by the hippie thing. We're sort of picking up where that left off and hopefully trying to parlay this into a movement of high-living bon vivants and cocktail swilling swingers and people who have a little more glamour and excitement in their lives. All it takes is a little imagination. You don't have to have a million dollars--to be a millionaire; just think like one.

LISA: I've heard rumors of your wealth.

\$: You know, Darcy was telling me you always turn out to be who you were when you were ten years old. It's uncanny: at ten years

old I was obsessed with Hugh Hefner and I walked around the house wearing an ascot that I made out of one of my mother's scarves, and I wore this blazer that all the other kids considered geeky--it had little crests over the pockets. And I just fancied myself to be this millionaire playboy guy. And who would have known that by age thirty, people would be calling me "The Millionaire." I got that handle by being free with the cabbage at the bar. It was kind of a joke, like calling a big guy "Tiny." But it has some basis in fact. But I'm not a *millionaire*. Yet.

It's like in Vegas it's Caesars' Palace, not Caesar's Palace--it means everybody is a Caesar. Caesars's Palace is how you're supposed to pronounce it. Caesar is kind of antiquated. Kings are too Euro-trash. Kings aren't even millionaires. Look at England--they're a joke. But American royalty would be the millionaires.

LISA: Is F. Scott Fitzgerald a big influence of you?

\$: The only Fitzgerald book I ever read was *The Great Gatsby*. I've even been described as a Gatsby-esque character.

LISA: How do you feel about Edith Wharton?

\$: I really don't know much about her, although my old girlfriend is going to be in Martin Scorsese's *The Age of Innocence*. I read what I think was by Edith Wharton--a travel book about Morocco.

LISA: Yes, she traveled. She married, she decorated. She was the Dostoevsky of interior decorating.

\$: *In Morocco* wasn't actually that interesting because she went in the teens or twenties and she was a woman, so all she got to see was harems. The descriptions of the harem life were of mind-numbing boredom: there was *nothing* to do. The men would go attend some royal shindig and this roomful of women would just wait endlessly. Wait for hubby to pick one of them out. They didn't get to go anywhere or do anything. They just sat around.

LISA: Have you seen *Swing Kids*?

\$: No, but I've read the script because--I don't want to sound like I'm obsessing on her, but my ex-girlfriend auditioned for it.

LISA: Fuck Nazis, I'm going to dance to Benny Goodman and rebel! Do Combustible Edison audiences dance?

\$: Sometimes they do. Usually we play at these smoky bistros and cafes where it's so crowded you can barely sit down. But



when we played recently at a place that had enough room to dance, I was pleasantly surprised to learn that there are people out there who know the steps. Most of the songs we were doing had a four-four beat--that's mainly a fox-trot beat. There were many variations of the fox-trot being done out there, some of which I've never seen before.

LISA: Are you concerned that if your cocktail revolution catches, then everyone will be drunk and falling down in front of moving automobiles and drowning and going insane?

\$: That doesn't worry me. There's plenty of that going on now anyway, but at least people will look better when it happens after the revolution. Actually, you know, I kind of like the idea of people being drunk and falling in front of vehicles and going insane.

LISA: Mn. What if it happened to your mother or sister?

\$: Well I don't have a sister, but I'd be really surprised if it happened to my mother. She has this extensive liquor cabinet but she almost never drinks. She drinks wine with dinner.

LISA: Do you have a bubble machine?

\$: We had a giant bubble-blowing tiki head--it's about four feet tall.

LISA: How about smoke?

\$: Maybe, if judiciously applied.

LISA: What instruments do you all play?

\$: Keyboards, drums, stand-up bass, vibes, this weird electronic saxophone shaped thing, melodica, rainstick. Of course, we have the fabulous Miss Lily Banquette.

LISA: Tell me the history of Miss Lily Banquette.

\$: It's actually kind of clouded. I think she's some kind of heiress. She's pretty close-lipped about her background. I met her about ten years ago when she was working as a hat-check girl in this tony nightspot. I was attending some kind of charity ball--I forget what it was--one of those stultifyingly boring society events, which I think I disrupted by first making a pass at the wife of the guy who organized the event, then passing out under the table with a magnum of Dom Perignon. I think they threw me out. As I recall, I woke up the next morning hanging off a lamppost with my monocle hanging around my neck and a dog bothering me. My dickey was all unbuttoned. Anyway, Miss Lily Banquette was a

hat-check or coat-check girl and she caught my eye--there was something about her. Then I saw her again a couple of years later in Monte Carlo. It was unclear--she was either somebody's mistress or escort or maybe she was the beard--covering up for yet another mistress this guy had. I can't say who he was, but he owned this yacht that was about twice the size of my house. Finally, when I lived in Las Vegas, she'd moved there too. We ran into each other and found that we had a mutual interest in the same kinds of music and lifestyle. See, I'm still not sure about her, I think she's hiding something, but theoretically neither of us had the wherewithal to subsidize what we wanted to do in the manner we wanted to do it, so we thought we'd get together and make it possible for other people to subsidize our lifestyle. Or at least make it such a widespread thing that everybody's living it and we can just get it vicariously. I'm sure she wouldn't want it mentioned, but she was associated with the rock band I was in.

LISA: Christmas.

\$: Yeah. that was an episode in the dim past as well forgotten as that charity ball.

LISA: Are you on a label?

\$: We're not officially "on" yet, but we're negotiating with Sub Pop.

LISA: Do you have any items for sale now?

\$: We had fifty Combustible Edison party packs made up but they all sold out in one show. They were little boxes with our logo in flocked red velvet on top. Inside was a book of tickets with recipes for drinks so you can be surrounded by the life that you crave, unimpeded by the ignorance of our man at the bar. There were cocktail napkins and matchbooks with our logo on it. Swizzle sticks. All kinds of things





(left to right) Cudahy, Dixon, Banquette, Millionaire, Oppenheimer

to demonstrate your taste and discrimination when you flash them around.

LISA: Maybe most people know what flocking velvet is, but I doubt many people have used those words in conversation. What sort of upbringing did you have?

\$: Ask Seymour about my upbringing--we had the exact same one. We grew up in the same town in the boonies of Connecticut. Our families knew each other.

LISA: How come he turned out so poopy and you're so refined?

\$: I don't know. I think we're a lot more similar than you'd think.

LISA: Were there collector plates in your parents' house?

\$: No, no, my parents were very tasteful.

LISA: My grandparents felt strongly about their collector plates collection.

\$: Oh no, what a gaffe! I thought you were referring to those plates that came with your house in Guerneville.

LISA: Hey! I like those. They have pictures of animals on them. So what did your *parents* have on *their* walls?

\$: Oh, you know, art by their friends, or a big Persian rug hanging on the wall. I grew up in the seventies, so there were a couple of really seventies pieces, like this giant floppy Lucite sculpture hanging from the ceiling, that sort of thing.

LISA: My father's house had all these huge, monstrous, wrought iron and stained glass Mexican lamps hanging from the ceiling--they took up half the room.

\$: I had a friend whose family lived in a swinging singles

apartment, and they had those Mexican chandeliers and the things that go along with it--cypress knee furniture.

LISA: The accouterments to those lamps in my father's house were beanbag chairs and enormous ashtrays.

\$: Well that's pretty damn close to cypress knee.

LISA: The Mexican lamps house was my father's. My mother's house had the "#1 Mom" plaques decor, brown furniture, brown carpeting.

\$: My parents also flirted with almost every furniture fad--we were the first on our block to have inflatable furniture. My parents' house looked affluent, though my parents weren't rich. What money I have was inherited totally skipping my mom.

LISA: Are you worried about people calling you a wimp?

\$: Not at all. No, please, call me a wimp, I don't care. I have inner strength. I actually have physical strength as well, but I'm not prone to vulgar displays.

LISA: Do you lift weights?

\$: Yes, I do. You wouldn't think so, to look at me--I look pretty scrawny, but that's because this vast physical power has given me the inner peace to affect the countenance of repose.

LISA: Who would you most like to have dinner with: Lawrence Welk, Les Paul and Mary, or Raymond Scott?

\$: Probably Raymond Scott because he was the wackiest of the three. Raymond Scott was a big influence on us, but I would never want to be in his band because it's so mechanical and so non-swinging. But he would certainly be the most entertaining

dinner guest. He was into a lot more things than just the quintet. He invented all these crazy proto-synthesizers. After he did the quintet stuff he put out these records of soothing sounds for babies. He was kind of a nut.

I'll bet Lawrence Welk would be really boring to talk to. On top of which I sometimes find his accent incomprehensible. Maybe if he cooked....

Les Paul is known for being a funny guy, but in a really corny way. I guess if we had a couple cocktails before we started eating he'd start sounding funnier to me.

Mr. The Millionaire, 33 Exeter St., Providence RI 02906



LISA: Miss Lily Banquette?

MISS BANQUETTE: Yes.

LISA: I'm Lisa Carver from *Rollerderby* and I want to ask you about your history.

MISS BANQUETTE: My history...I'll see what I can do.

LISA: Start at the beginning.

MISS BANQUETTE: Let's just say my inception had a lot to do with Robbie Benson. I was just gazing at his face. He has a nice face. Nice big teeth and moist eyes and a really great voice.

LISA: You feel that this had something to do with your birth?

MISS BANQUETTE: Yes. You know, you can just sort of plod along for some time, but then something wakes you up. And I'm thinking now it was Robbie Benson.

LISA: Oh--that was your rebirth.

MISS BANQUETTE: At least this morning it was.

LISA: Hm. If you filled out a job application, I wonder if they would accept Robbie Benson as your place of birth.

MISS BANQUETTE: Yes, but I don't think they would ask for my whole history, would they?

LISA: They would ask for whatever was applicable to your doing the job. My job is to investigate your entire self, so everything is applicable. However, since you are being such a snake in a Vaseline vest, I will move on to another question.

MISS BANQUETTE: Good!

LISA: You have a heavenly voice.

MISS BANQUETTE: Thank you.

LISA: You're welcome. Have you taken singing lessons?

MISS BANQUETTE: Yes, I did--years ago. When you take singing lessons, they turn out to be more like instructional Zen because a lot of what's involved in learning to sing is focusing, breathing and concentrating.

LISA: In your band photo, you have no manicure.

MISS BANQUETTE: [sighs] I know. You know, I was thinking about getting the fake nails, but that's pretty bogus. One of my favorite things to use is a cuticle stick.

LISA: Do you bite your nails?

MISS BANQUETTE: No, I tweeze them off. Mostly because I don't like the feeling of long nails. It makes me feel untidy.

LISA: Mm. Well there you go. See, I was searching for a chink in the armor of your aura of wealth and sophistication, and I was looking over your photo and I thought 'Ah ha! She doesn't have that little white crescent at the top of her nails that all the French women have!' But now I see that it makes sense that you're so rich you're beyond that ostentatiousness--you'd rather be tidy. Mr. The Millionaire says when he met you, you were a hat-check girl.

MISS BANQUETTE: Mm-hm. Working my way up to carrying one of those trays with the cigarettes and the bags of hair.

LISA: Bags of hair?

MISS BANQUETTE: Well, you know, the kinds of clubs we would circulate in wouldn't just have cigars and cigarettes; they would have cigars and cigarettes and little bags of hair.

LISA: In case the men danced so rambunctiously they lost their toupees?

MISS BANQUETTE: Or if you're thinking ahead for the next day, it might be the "hair of the dog."

LISA: Oh, no. Oh, no. That's terrible. That sounds like a joke I

would make, and I think I'm a riot, but everyone says I'm not funny.

MISS BANQUETTE: I'm not funny at all.

LISA: You're not? Everyone told me you were rich and you were funny.

MISS BANQUETTE: Lies, lies. I'm poor and I'm the roommate with no sense of humor. Have you ever had one of those?

LISA: I am one of those. It's worse, because at least if you live with someone that's not funny, you can go outside, but I'm with me one hundred hours out of one hundred hours.

MISS BANQUETTE: I want to make a movie called *The Story of the Roommate with No Sense of Humor*.

LISA: Mr. The Millionaire then says he saw you in Monte Carlo.

MISS BANQUETTE: I was driving on the wrong side of the road in a car that was much too small for my hat boxes.

LISA: That's regrettable. He says you met not on the road, but in a yacht. He says you were either somebody's mistress or escort or a beard.

MISS BANQUETTE: Now, I would feel really sensitive about being called a beard. So I will just say no fucking way, that never happened. I've been called a beard before. No sir, I don't like it.

LISA: Oh God, I... He said you would be slippery, but not *this* slippery.

MISS BANQUETTE: Oh, see--you're getting a lot of misinformation from Millie.

LISA: I would believe that. Last episode of the Mr. The Millionaire show, we left him hanging from a lamppost with his dickey undone.

MISS BANQUETTE: He gets like that when he eats rarebit too late in the evening.

LISA: It gets his blood sugar level all in an uproar?

MISS BANQUETTE: It gets him dreaming up all wild sorts of stories. My advice to anyone out there is to eat your rarebit early.

LISA: That's very important information for *Rollerderby* readers, I think. I think there are a lot of blood sugar problems going on at night, judging from the letters I get. Your friend says he met you next in Las Vegas.

MISS BANQUETTE: Yes. We were attending a performance of E.P. King, which is not Elvis, but the best we can do at this point in time. I had gone to the front of the stage so Elvis could sing a song about a wooden puppet to me. He took one of his scarves and put it around my neck and pulled me towards him so that I had no choice but to look into his eyes. But actually I didn't do that--I kept my eyes down as I was practically being suffocated by an Elvis impersonator. After that, I saw Mr. The Millionaire get up and do a bit of the hoola hoop which was the next sequence in E.P. King's show. We knew this because he does it every day at Vegas World and we would go every day and see it.

LISA: Would you ever like to be married?

MISS BANQUETTE: Ummm...not 'til I'm too old to care. You know, I was just looking at the t.v. guide, and there are two movies on in a row that might describe me: "Single White Female" and then "The Most Dangerous Woman Alive." And then at eleven-thirty there's a movie on called "Melody Cruise," which I think is very applicable. On Showtime at eleven-thirty, "The New Adventures of Pippy Longstockings" is on, and I feel pretty akin to that.

LISA: Are you concerned that if your Cocktail Revolution catches, then everyone will be drunk and falling down in front of moving boats and embezzling?

MISS BANQUETTE: I think that to truly be a member of the Cocktail Nation, one must have a certain level of self-awareness.

LISA: Hold your liquor.

MISS BANQUETTE: Hold your liquor, don't drink it. It's not so much the imbibing--it's the whole way of life: the sense of the cocktail hour being that you're not doing anything but enjoying life. When you're in a cocktail lounge, you don't necessarily have to be drinking, but you can't be carrying a calculator.

LISA: Thank you. That was short but meaningful.

MISS BANQUETTE: Oh, good. Pissy!

Miss Lily Banquette, 129 Cypress #3, Providence RI 02906



Sweetest Lisa, Wicked, Dark Angel,

I have an answer to the Rollerderby summer issue's question now.

I lost my virginity about three months ago. (I'm at this time 15 years of age, 16 on the 26th of January, 1993.) It was quickly learned that sex is overrated on a whole and does not equal true, hot, passionate loving. I am still with the boy with whom I first had sex and although I feel that I am very good friends with him and do feel love towards him (whatever love is) I feel a certain distance, aloof coldness towards him at the same time. I did not and still do not like sex so I guess you could say I still feel like a virgin and I wonder what I missed out on. I guess you can't call it rape because it is with my consent and I'm happy that at least the boy feels pleasure (orgasm) from the whole messy thing. I still bleed. The boy has a huge penis when erect and stops when he sees me wincing in pain. He also loves me, deeply, but almost to the point he forgets me, smothering me with his admiration and affection till I feel like a prisoner. But sometimes the victim believes that she/he deserves the punishment. I've slept with no one else.

I go to Catholic Girls High School and I'm possessed by religious imagery and nuns who I think are so incredibly sexually appealing in their habits and gray skin. (Celibacy sounds so strangely sensual.)

Au revoir, Jennie

Dear Lisa,

I have been thinking about what turns me on lately, mainly because I'm forced to associate with someone who DOES. Tim is totally unlike my usual objects of affection, and office supplies figure prominently in our strange relationship. We work at a kindergarten together. At the beginning of the school year, I didn't notice him. Then one day before Thanksgiving vacation he wore his glasses, and all of a sudden it was like BLAM!--I felt like I had been hit in the head with a baseball bat. When he left early, I took a good look at his desk, and I saw that here is a man who has a genuine knowledge of the tools of the trade, not some faker out to impress someone with his industriousness via a full display of glittering shiny new office supplies. His stuff looks USED.

One day, I gave in to temptation and wrote him a letter telling him how much I appreciated his patience with me while we made the banner for the SMART ART kids' drawings display. To my surprise, I found a return letter hiding in my file cabinet in one of my files on a student. Since then, we have exchanged several letters in this manner. I can sit there and talk to him for half an hour, and he will give no indication at all that he has secreted some insightful personal message elsewhere.

Then I spilled it all in one of my letters--explained how intrigued I am by him, and how something about him makes me act like a five year old idiot child in his presence. In response, he started hiding letters in places I would never look, like in a box of kids' drawings from October, or in the waste basket. He never mentions our letters. It is like he wants me to

get his letters, but doesn't exactly want me to READ them. I have found that, no matter how I try to relocate the scenario, my fantasies of him always take place in the supply room at school. I find myself wondering what it would be like to kiss him under the paper shelves, have my way with him on the work table.... In my latest letter to him, I made mention of my office supply lust and how he looks great in glasses and how I can't stand to see him sick--he makes me go all motherly. On Friday he wore his glasses, which he hadn't done in a long time. AND he told me all about how he was sick, and almost did not come in. AND a bit of my name plate was coming unstuck, and immediately he pulled out a jar of rubber cement and fixed it. Seeing him jump to action that quick when he was feeling so lousy....

It is an odd situation. He is from the east, and will no doubt go back when school is over. He has a mental hold on me that is stronger than anything I have felt before. Why HIM? Why ME? Why does this have to happen in this way? It is extremely annoying that just when I was able to decide that I would not deny myself love if it came along, it DID, and I can't have him.

My father, for as long as I can remember, has had a mighty, two-sided desk that I would kill for. He just piles it up with junk and sports cards, which to me is like using your car as a place to shave your legs.

--Patty

Sunday night 7 P.M. I have to stop drinking. I used not to be able to notice its effects on me but I can now. I feel sick all the time. It fucks up my sleep cycle. It's expensive and so on. I have days that I feel productive and then days of dullness/remorse/depression. I want to get a piece of land and build a little dwelling. I don't have a vocation or whatever. I don't really think that much about the future but one cannot escape the fact that it lurks. My cat has been with my parents since Frances and I went to New Orleans in January of 1989. I got that cat on July 4th, 1976. That cat and I had some very close moments. I would say that Inca kept me sane. When Debbie and I split up I had an apartment with a bed and a couch. Desolate. I was working long hours. The only thing that I had was that cat. Then there was the two years in Deerfield and the cottage in Vermont. It was always like I was the only thing that cat ever needed to complete its life. She's still out at my parent's. I go out there and she's old and skinny and sick. I feel very horrible about this. Now Rachel disappears. He's lived on North Lopez, Palymyra, the national forest outside of East Middlebury, the orchard in Shoreham, Dustin Drive and now here. It's a lot to ask a cat to adjust to me. You can take care of a cat if you are "responsible" but I'm not. I think of Rachel being somewhere scared and unable to find me and get back home and I want to cry. I don't care what I put you through. You have a mind and should be able to rationalize it. Oh I care but you know what I mean. There are these blows, mental blows. If I lose Rachel it is going to be very important in a negative way. I hate people. I am sick of them. Black/white/yellow/Baptist/heterosexual/queer/men/woman/children/etc.....I have contempt for them all. I am ashamed and disgusted to be human. This white trash piece of shit was telling me the other day about when her baby died inside her. And I mean she cared but it was like her talking about taking a shit. Life. Her husband beats her. She lives in a trailer park. The t.v. is always on. I had to go by there to get some dope. Waiting was like being put on the rack. I was sitting there thinking WHERE ARE THESE PEOPLE'S BRAINS????? And then if I try to communicate with someone they don't have time. I spent a somewhat great deal of time making this package. Gluing stuff on. In a way it is

my way of trying to be friendly and this fucking asshole person I sent it to. The last one. You can tell they are trying to be some introspective sensitive caring thing but they don't care. They're sitting around in some consummated mental masturbation thinking how alternative and clever they are. I'm not in your face with any judgmental shit. The things I say that are personal are rare. Very general. Any digression into subtle name calling or whatever is just that. A digression. Weakness/pettiness/envy/hatred or whatever. If you dislike someone and you spend time thinking about them they are stealing your thoughts. Making your brain useless for whatever time you think about them. It's not productive associating with humans. It's a great side show. Like a big ant farm. And it's much too beautiful a day to think about this. We have a bat roost somewhere near our back porch. We had four bats come in the other night. Bats do have a tendency to go for the face because that is where your sounds come from. And when I was a kid I had to walk down this lonely hill that had just one streetlight. Woods on both sides. There were lots of bats. I used to whistle thinking that the shrill sound would keep them away but actually it just let them know more precisely where I was. Most of the time the quality of my communication is horrible. Right now I am seeing no one/talking to no one. I think isolation injures the soul in ways but there is a part of it that is positive. There was a shooting star the other night. Very long and with a little red in it. There were these two drunks in the park. They were so fucked up they couldn't hold their heads up. I was writing Debbie Jaffe of Master/Slave Relationship for a while about five years ago. She has no sense of humor. It was this limited "intellectual" thing. I wrote this other girl. A prodigy for certain. I could write her anything I wanted. If you can just stay "sane" with these things in your head. Thoughts. I lost Ashley when I moved to New Orleans. I had been writing her for two years and never had her address on anything but a scrap of paper. I lost it and I left no forwarding address. She was 15. Then this other girl who used to take pictures of her body after she hurt herself or someone else did. Her boyfriend got jealous because she was reading my stories and masturbating. The girl I write now, the one whose hair I send all over the place, her name is Melissa but I call her Missy because that's what her father calls her. I think the oddest or most intense thing I have written her is something that is true. In Africa they have these leeches that are five to six inches long. They have a sucking mouth on each end. One is larger than the other. Sometimes women put the large sucking mouth on their clitoris. The smaller end will burrow up the asshole and attach itself to the inner wall. As it sucks blood it contracts and expands. The women who do it have incredible orgasms. That story comes from a very respectable science journal. The girl I live with just got promoted to floor manager at this books superstore which means she has the keys to the place. We have been pillaging this place for the last year. I worked there for a year. I sold books at this flea market for 5 weeks and made about 3,000\$. We have taken about 3,000 books for ourselves. I would order 20 hard to get/obscure books and when they came in I'd steal them. I read about 5 books a week and Gina reads 6 or 7. Books are luxurious. I am on this 1200A.D. Europe kick because the things going on there and then were so much more passionate and important than anything that goes on today in this nuclear age which is sterile. Did you know that at one time there was a female pope and she died giving birth in an alley. Being the pope was not always such big shit. I was going to send this envelope to this art dealer ART DEALER. I send it to you because the back of it represents density/purpose/ dislocation/(obsessive-compulsive). No one thinks I'm real. Must go. E.



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## MERGE

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I'm a drunk demonic chef with a cold and I have acne

**PERSONAL** of Madame X: I'm in my early 20's and have been described as sexy, slutty, Meryl Streepish. Desiring: Any human with a pulse and a knowing tongue. (Madame X, P.O. Box 933, Cleveland, Ohio, USA.)

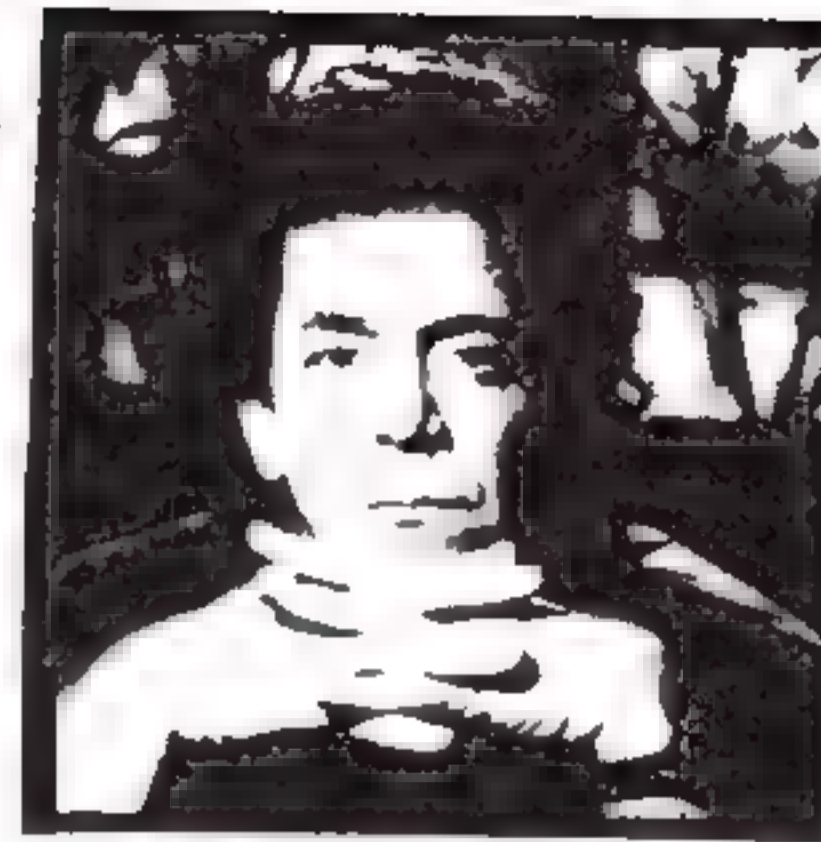


**CURRENTLY** I am still living with my parents and I work for my father putting golf clubs together. Last year I bought my first copy of Forced Exposure and I got Rollerderby #8 & #9. Some excellent music I've heard are The Dead C., Zeni Geva, Love Child, Skullflower, Merzbow, Osso, Exotico. I don't really know if

# PERSONALS

*These are personals, not classifieds--that means no rare 7" sales. It thrills me to the bone to be the conduit for love between strangers. Plus I like pocketing the \$1 per 40 words. If you think your photo will help your cause, we'll print it for \$7.50 (that's what it costs for a half-tone). Or draw yourself. Rollerderby reserves the right to reject personals that are dumb.*

I'm a creative person though I do like destruction which can be beautiful and also horrible. I like fire and smashing things. I'd like to meet other people



I'm a hat salesman

with my tastes but I'm quite shy when face to face with a person and sometimes I can stutter quite badly or sometimes words won't just come out. My education is pretty poor. I never reached the end of the 5th form at school cos I ran away from school and hitched around for a couple of weeks before getting arrested for breaking and entering into a warehouse in Wellington. I would like to study pharmacy and I learn quite fast so next year I'll probably go to night school.

(Geoff Kelso, P.O. Box 80124, Green Bay, Auckland, NEW ZEALAND.)



## Dishwasher #9

I must say that this is one of a kind. A magazine revolving entirely around dishwashing. I ended up not reading all of it just because I can only read so much about dishwashing in one day. But this really did give me a different perspective on things (such as dishwashing) that I wouldn't have thought anything about past that it's just a shitty job. Since reading this I always kind of glance over to dishwashers at restaurants and wonder about them. I'm sure I'll read the rest soon. (1085 I St. #3, Arcata CA 95521) -Leyna

## Linda's New Do

I was surprised to see Canadian supermodel Linda Evangelista in Victoria's Secret wearing the balding dentist comb-over crisis hairdo that is a source of a lot of amusement but which I find touching (kind of similar to Pharaoh Rhamses the 2nd having the name of his predecessor scratched off the buildings, temples, etc. and using his own to replace it. A sweetly optimistic estimation of the generosity and lack of suspicion in god's--or, in the case of the comb-over, human--observation and critic-ism.). On Linda, of course, it's a whole different ball of wax. At first I didn't like it: there's something kind of bizarre about a young gazelle like Linda parting her hair so very deeply. Now I think it's OK, even though it's an inferior haircut--you spend 90 % of your time with hair in your eyes or need a giant gob of

dippety-do to keep it back. What's she doing in Victoria's Secret anyway? I thought she only did the haute of the haute. -Gilmore Tammy

## R.I.P., Russ

Russ was a \$1.99 purple backpack with a picture on it of a pirate with a bulge in his pants. Russ rode my back in all kinds of weather for two years before someone stole him off a shelf where I had set him down momentarily. I can see why the thief did it--Russ was one of a kind. So, I went shopping for a new backpack. I saw a rather sober green model and put it in the cart. But then, at checkout, I saw an atrocious black and neon green one for fifteen dollars less, made of that fake alligator skin (a black alligator) that aging ladies incorporate into all facets of their wardrobe to try to look sexy. What possessed the manufacturer to add six pockets with neon green zippers I'll never know. Well, I bought it, and as I was crossing a bridge two surfer guys were walking towards me. When they had passed me, I turned around to find that they had turned around too, and were pointing and laughing at my new backpack. I don't care! They'll be sorry later in life that they're not more thrifty! Besides, six pockets adds many options to my life. For instance, now I can carry fruits and paper products home in separated compartments and not worry about juice getting on the paper. -Lisa

# REVIEWS



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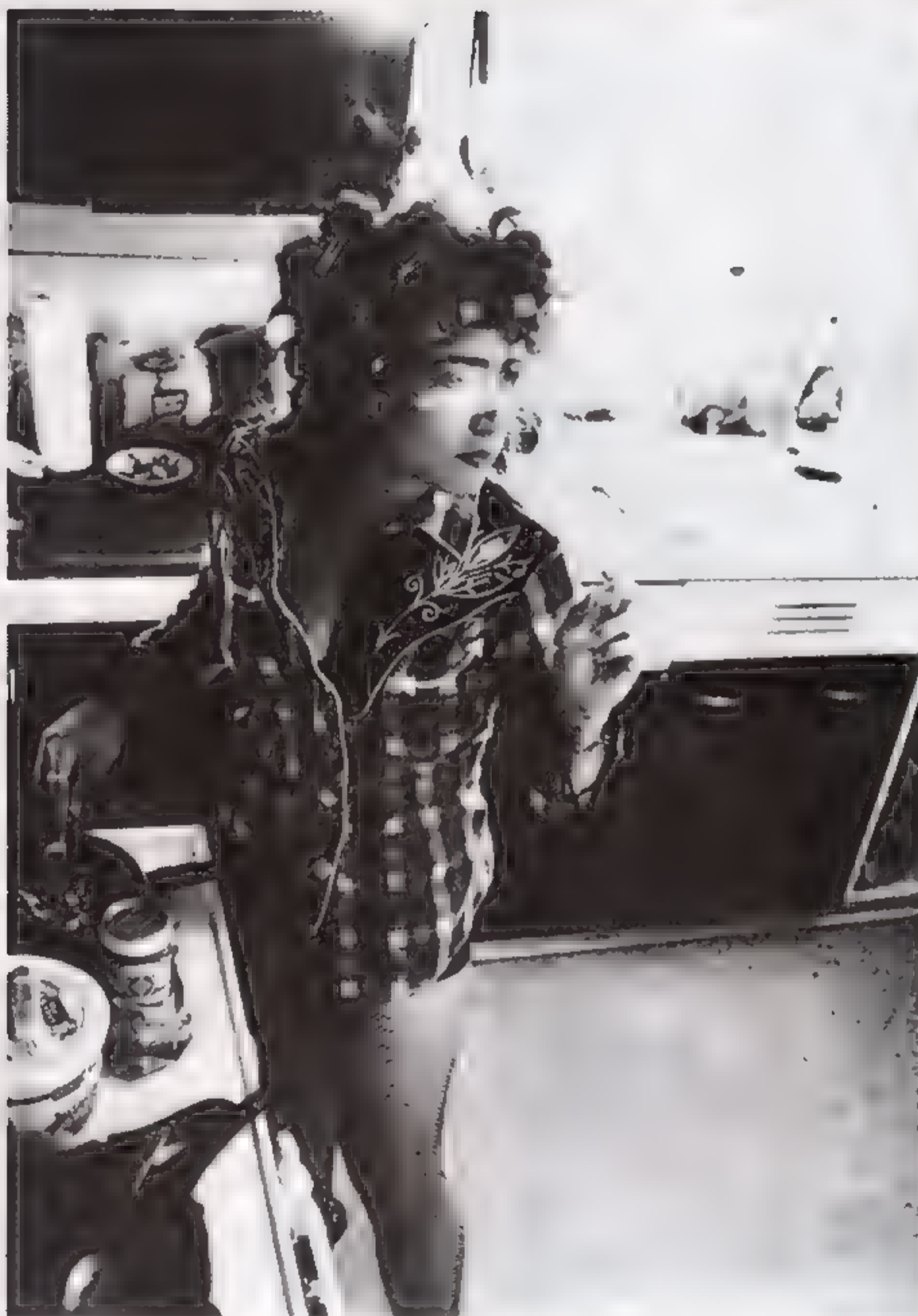
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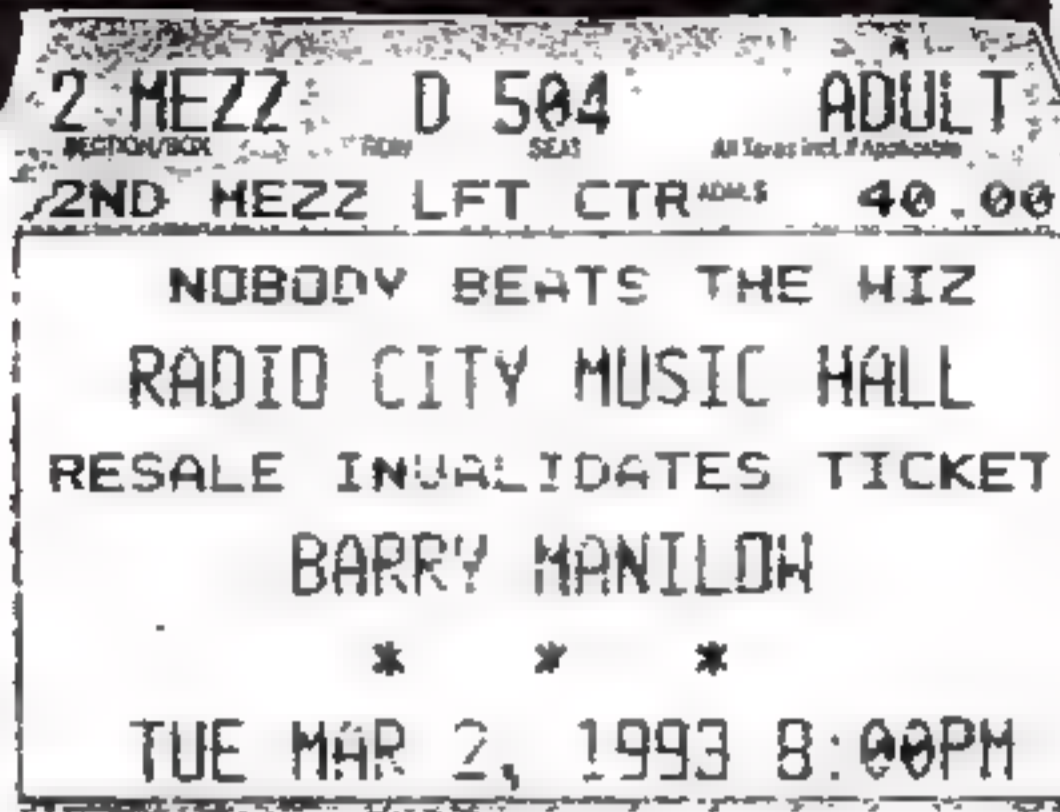
get your choice, take an amazing

pass



in a lot of bars) to records of my own; I have seen the heights and I have seen

Broadway shows from playing in piano bars (I played



The audience consisted of Jersey/New Hampshire mall patronage. Everyone was content to just quietly complain about the Andrews Sisters prerecorded music ("it socks") until the MANILOW scrim became transparent and a full band appeared swirling under dry ice. And then the skinny man from Williamsburg, Brooklyn appeared center stage, high on a platform, arms outstretched in the familiar pose, singing "Ready to Take a Chance"--and a hoarse scream erupted from every Salem Slim-lit throat.

Dressed in a purple sport coat, print shirt and black pants, Barry Manilow accepted bouquet after bouquet, looking a little surprised at the pandemonium. During "Daybreak," I was clapping and singing. I was thinking, "Barry sure has a beautiful, crystal clear tenor." Everyone calmed down when he sat at the piano to sing "Old Songs." I was very relaxed. As we all know, his voice has a sedative effect on many listeners.

"I've done a hundred songs from fantasies to lies," Barry says in "This One's for You," reminding us that Barry is one of Pop's premier novelists: rather than basing his material on raw, wrenching autobiography, he sins from the soul of EveryOne--the true spirit of Populism.

In keeping with tradition, he brought a girl from the audience on stage to sing "I Can't Smile Without You." Barry asked her if she was kinky, or if she fooled around on her husband. She replied "um." She was from Staten Island. I was thinking, "Barry can have anything he wants."

I teared up during "Memory," "I Made It Through the Rain," and "When Will I Hold You Again?" During "Miracle," the last number before intermission, Barry announced: "I have to take a piss." During intermission, I asked a woman in the packed smoking room what she thought of the show so far and she said, "I hate having to smoke in basements. Discrimination! Cigarettes will be three dollars soon." And she gave me a Salem Slim Light. She had slitty black eyes, short stand up white hair and thick, curving, red nails.

The second set was one hit after another. Barry, now in a tuxedo, opened the set with "Copacabana." He introduced "Why Don't We Live Together?" as a song about "countries becoming allies, or just getting laid." During "Even Now," a couple had a "Shut UP!" style fight a few rows behind me in the second mezzanine.

The climax of the show was "How I Hate to See October Go." "What a voice," I kept exclaiming to my enraptured mother. The lady behind me hissed "yessss" like she was being penetrated--and without any introduction, at the piano, Barry segued into "Mandy," sung with such force and conviction I was astounded. Someone in the nosebleeds screamed "Do it Barry!" in a strangled voice. Truly moving. It sounded like a #1 smash hit all over again. (Quick fact: "Mandy" was #1 for the week starting 1/18/75.) Then, of course, "I Write the Songs" was the encore, complete with superfluous kiddy back up singers. Barry said it was "dedicated to the spirit of music...music is praying without words." And he closed with "Looks Like We Made It" and "Let Freedom Ring." A satisfying show!

Barry doesn't take himself too seriously. He thanked Michael Bolton "for taking some of the heat off me" and he also attributed his fame to his nose at one point. And he never stopped thanking his fans throughout the show. Barry took us away from our troubles for three blissful hours--true entertainment!!

By the way, Barry was born 6/17/46. He's a Gemini.

*Derry Clunt, March 2nd 1993, Radio City Music Hall, New York City*

Dear Lisa,

Hope you like the photo (I'll have taken more by Sat, I know. I can feel my finger itching to press the shutter and capture him on film again (and again & again!!)) Mind you, that's not the only thing I'd like to get my hands on!

Thanks for those 'lovely' piccies. The one where you can't see his face has other rather good attributes, you've gotta agree. Wow. I've come over all hot. Phew!!! Excuse me while I get a fan. And the other one looks so luscious – even at that time of the night.

Yes, I've had B/W 10 x 8 glossies from the Daily Mirror Group and I know the one your friend's got. I've got one in his dressing room taken at the same time and he's got his face in his hands. Lovely. Makes you wanna go up to him, cradle his head on your shoulder (hang on, I've come over all weak), and say, 'There, there.' The number is 6421/21Z.

You naughty girls, you – touching up that five foot poster when you know he can't defend himself. Ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Lovely feeling tho', ain't it?

Oh, Lisa, look what you've gone and done – you've made him all wet!

Lotsa love from your pal who Manilusts like hell for 'you know who',

Pamela

Dear Pamela,

So you're going to be a grass-widow from the 19th of March for a month then – eh!! God, what a pity Barry won't be over here then. Well, you never know, he could have accepted your invitation to put him UP!!! for a month. Now then, what's that filthy laugh for? What I meant was to 'STAY' with you for a month. Not even Barry could 'STAY UP' for a month, could he??? Wonder if we'll ever get the chance to find out. Kenny may think it's hot in Malaya but it would be *sizzling* over here!!

But I do relate to how you feel when you look at those posters of Dear Barry as you lie there alone in your bed, with tears running down your cheeks, because you only have pictures of him, and not his warm, beautiful body with that heart beating inside of it lying there beside you.

I could break my heart knowing that he is not there with me, and that I can't give him any of that love that's burning inside of me for him. Oh why does the flame of love hurt both of us so much? Oh God, please let Pamela and I make love with Barry just once. That's all we ask, dear Lord, to know the joy of his wonderful love for just once in our lives, and through that union with the man we both love so dearly would be born the two most beautiful babies you have ever created. Please God, hear our prayer.

All my Barryhugs & Manilove and of course Mountains of MANILUST!!!

Lisa

Dearest Lisa,

Thank you for your lovely newsy letter. It's always a great day for me when it arrives. I do so enjoy your letters – I don't know what I'd do without them. I'm glad you

enjoyed the tape I sent you – especially the 'hot night with Barry'. I *knew* you would appreciate it and I'm really glad that you will keep it to yourself. You have to know somebody really well to let them hear it I think. You're the only one who has heard it apart from my two friends who compiled it. I guessed you'd get through all your spare pairs of knickers after listening to that. God – I wonder what *he* would think if he heard it? Probably enjoy it – knowing the way his mind works – good ole Baz.

Fred is in Gibraltar & I have been alone for a week. I have my full length poster of Barry on the back of the door in the sitting room – usually it's at the bottom of the stairs – but I want him right here with me while I'm alone. Isn't it *beautiful*, Lisa, and don't his legs look sexy – and his hips – I just can't take my eyes off them. I love him more than ever – if that's possible. Like you, I ache with love for him – and I just don't know how to control it sometimes. I *want* him so desperately – and we don't even know when we are going to see him again.

Well, now I've got *that* off my chest, I feel better.

Manilove as always.

Also, Manilusting, Manigropes, Manilegs.

Forever.

Millie

Dear Lisa,

Lately, some of the fans have been going a little crazy it seems to me. There is a lot of bickering and dissension lately for some reason. I wonder why. I just don't understand getting all worked up over little things. After all, Barry's music is forever, so what's the use getting crazy and fighting among each other? Some of the girls really compete with each other for things like who has been backstage; who knows some of Barry's staff or members of the band; who has met Barry at the airport; who has been to the most concerts; who has met and talked to Roberta Kent; etc, etc, etc. If I were these girls, I would be ashamed of myself for acting like fanatical little groupies.

Take Care,

Love,

Corinne

Dear Julie,

I had more negatives of the Festival Hall but a certain member I loaned them to has not returned them – one of the members who only thinks of *herself* WE HAVE ONE!! I shall have to approach her myself, then I can send them to you but she will have some excuse.

Our raffle was fantastic but all our money has gone on printing and expenses.

Barry hugs and Barrybye,

Dorothy XXX

Dearest Monica,

I just *loved* your fantasy – what a long one (the fantasy – what else?). I really enjoyed reading it – it was so beautiful. I know exactly how you feel, & what you are going through. If only our fantasies would come true – I cried when I read it.

Much Manilove & Peace *always*,

Suzanne XXXX

NEXT MONTH

The secret that Phil Milstein tried to keep "DOWN". ? ? ?

**FAX**

The following is a list of relatively painless and sort of cool press opportunities for you guys in the next couple of weeks. I know you are probably pretty exhausted, but check this stuff out.

**KIM & THURSTON-**

- 1) Seventeen magazine is doing an article on the "rock 'n' roll presidency" of Bill Clinton. I don't know what that means, but Seventeen has a circulation of 1.7 million and the enclosed one page questionnaire is very straightforward. Seventeen needs a response faxed to them by March 26.
- 2) Raygun magazine's June issue is dedicated to the art of touring. They were hoping you guys might write an article about touring. I let them know how busy you are, but I suggested you might be interested in submitting a piece of a tour diary. If you wanted, you could probably use something you ran in Forced Exposure before or even something from the last year or so. What do you think? I'll talk with Steve and Lee about this as well. Raygun needs to know before March 25 if you will hook them up.

**KIM-**

- 1) A Mademoiselle spy saw you buying Ben Davis wear at X-Large in quantity and they wanted to talk with you for twenty minutes about buying things in bulk. The enclosed fax from Mademoiselle outlines the piece pretty well. They are also looking for a photo shoot sometime in the next three weeks. This will be for the June issue.
- 2) The Jane Pratt show, now on Lifetime television, would like Kim to be the guest host with Jane on March 23 for a show about "the Death of Girl Rock Labels." The thesis of the show is about how useful labels (i.e. Riot Grrls, Foxcore) are for women in rock music or any artistic form in general. Are the disenfranchised forced into repressive minority grouping so that dominant culture can more swiftly subvert potential resistance? As Jane would say, "like, what's going on with Bikini Kill?" The enclosed fax from the Jane show outlines the potential guests. The show would need a pre-interview and then the taping will take a little over an hour. I think this is positive exposure and possibly fun. What do you think?
- 3) Obviously we have several miscellaneous press requests that we can basically ignore. If Kim has any inclination to do one more magazine interview, she might enjoy talking with Publicsfear. Publicsfear is a glossy (very thick stock, very expensive) political/art quarterly out of NYC that looks beautiful. The last issue included a Q&A with Sandra Bernhard, an interview with Craig Baldwin and an extended essay on John Cheever. Publicsfear has an extremely flexible deadline, so let me know if you are interested.
- 4) The Sassy/Fluevog judging contest is set for March 31 around 3:00 PM at Sassy. This is tentative and we should confirm this next week.

Talk with you soon.



We missed the bus.

Every dream I have takes place at twilight. Not the time of twilight that is pink and beautiful, but the time just before the sun goes down, when everything is purplish blue and a car is only visible is its headlights are off. This part of twilight normally only lasts 15 minutes then it's dark, but for me it lasts all dream long every dream. It gets very tiring!

Last night's nightmare takes place in Idaho Falls, Idaho, where I lived ages seven to 17. My journey begins with me leaving for school. None of the houses on Main St. were lit up. No cars in the driveways or on the street. The yards seemed fake, as did the trees and bushes. There were no signs of life, yet I had an acute sense of being watched.

A car came down the street--white and with a very tall roof, but the width of the car was very narrow. It pulled up to the curb and the long, thin door opened. Inside were two girls from my high school. They were so skinny they looked like skeletons with a thin layer of skin over the top keeping the bones together. Their acid washed jeans and pastel colored sweatshirts were hanging. Their hair was ratted into nine foot tall, permed pillars, which accounted for the need for such a tall car roof. The front seat was large enough for the driver and the clutch. The back seat was white and could seat one and a half people. It looked like a condensed version of the shell shaped vinyl booth seats in diners from the fifties.

One of the girls patted the small space next to her and said, "We'll take you to school, Darcy." I could see their teeth working against the skin of their cheek as they spoke. Their pupils were flat, black and soulless. They wanted me so bad I could almost see the waves of yearning coming off them like vapor rising from a lake in the morning.

I told them: "No, it's OK, I'll just walk." They gave me a look of utter hate that made my heart stop. Then they slammed the door and drove down the street and turned the corner at a 90 degree angle--this they did silently and in about two seconds.

I kept walking. When I reached the corner, I looked down Emerson. No street lights were on; no leaves rustled; no dogs barked: all was silent and still. Then there came a loud howl from the darkness about two blocks down. It was a person howling. The sound of a loud party suddenly started up, with a big band and bottles clinking and people of all ages and sexes laughing and talking. The noise was echoing off the trees and the houses but I still saw nothing. They were down there in the dark and there was no way I was going down that way.

As soon as I decided this, a single lamppost lit up at the end of Emerson, and the crowd grew silent. That didn't fool me any, and I kept on Main St.

toward school.

My shadow appeared on the sidewalk, growing long. I turned and there was the car behind me, driving towards me faster and faster. I began to run. I ran up the side of someone's yard that was also a small hill. The car drove off the street and up the hill after me. It made it part way up, then its back wheels dug into the dirt and stuck.

I kept running but I heard them

en from a nightmare too, and accused me of having moved the furniture around.

In Lisa's nightmare, she and I were in a swimming pool. she saw a swan and knew that it was a 1000-year-old witch. It was putting its head underwater, enacting a spell that was drowning me. Lisa tried to save me but I weighed 1000 pounds and she could barely keep my head above water. 30 other people were in the pool but no one would help us

## THE NIGHTMARE NIGHT



because they didn't notice I was drowning. My face looked peaceful and radiant, like a 12-year-old's. My eyes slowly opened and I said, in a child's voice, "I have a message for you." Lisa realized the witch was talking through me. This realization caused her to throw up into the pool a whole avocado she had had for dinner. She woke up spitting on her pillow, which is when I came in the room.

After she told me her nightmare, I was reminded of another nightmare I had had where [edited out due to this one scaring the typist too much].

After that, Lisa and I had a restless sleep during which she kicked me in the back. She later told me she had had another nightmare in which I had tried to strangle her with my feet while laughing, this being the reason she had kicked me.

Then Lisa found out she had to go to work when she thought she didn't have to. So she dragged me out of bed and I rushed her to work at Perry's Charbroiled Burgers in downtown Guerneville. While getting out of the car she threw me a dollar and told me to get a candy bar for breakfast.

*In Rollerderby #11, Dame Darcy will chronicle her recent adventures as a Rhode Island housewife.*

*Photo opposite page: D.P. Wyatt Perko. Can you see my black eye?*

coming up behind me. I felt cold bony hands reach from behind me and grab my throat. The hands were black as if they'd been charred and looked like tree limbs. I thought, "This is how it feels to be dead. I won't go to heaven, I won't just die: I'm doomed to be a ghost."

I woke up in a panic, very glad to be alive, laying stiffly in my bed. I went to go sleep with Lisa. She had just awak-

by Darcy ☆





# HALF DEAD CATS AND ZESTFULLY CLEAN

*Reality by Khiron and Darcy*



I met Khiron at Perry's Charbroiled Burgers. I noticed the Einstein book he was carrying and he told me his theory about Einstein actually being a mystic. This led to talk about sun deprivation, which was why he was wearing a sleeveless shirt in January—so I asked if I could interview him. A month later he came over and Darcy, Seymour and I crowded him into Darcy's very decorated bedroom. I expressed hope that he wouldn't be intimidated by the three of us, to which he responded by hoping we wouldn't be intimidated by *him*.

-Lisa



DARCY: Your wife...or is she your ex-wife?

KHIRON: Wife. What about her?

DARCY: Lisa said you said she's really vehement about her political views.

KHIRON: Oh yeah, that's true. She's very liberal--typical feminist liberal and so am I. I'm reluctant to talk about other people's feelings.

DARCY: What job do you have now?

KHIRON: I'm unemployed but I'm probably going to be a musician. I dropped the whole thing [25 years of science]! I was really good at it, but I totally quit.

LISA: Are you wearing all black on purpose?

KHIRON: Yeah.

LISA: Does it symbolize something?

KHIRON: I think it does. I'm not entirely sure what though. But I felt strongly drawn to do it and I've quit arguing with such things.

LISA: How long have you been wearing all black?

KHIRON: For about nine months.

DARCY: What did you used to wear before that? Yellow? HAHAAAAHA!

KHIRON: Like most men, what the women in my life told me to wear is what I wore. It was my mother that bought me clothes and then my wife.

DARCY: Are you really nervous?

KHIRON: I am. You managed to touch on topics I didn't want to talk about.

DARCY: You don't have to be nervous.

KHIRON: I know I don't, but I choose it.

DARCY: I was looking around for something for you to do so you wouldn't be so nervous.

KHIRON: You have very neatly reversed the power structure. This is exactly what you're supposed to do--make someone disarmed and confused so they'll say something they weren't going to say. You do it very well.

DARCY: HAHA,AH,HAHA! I'm good at making people confused.

KHIRON: It's a very important skill for obtaining the truth from people. The naked light bulb's appropriate too.

DARCY: Oh, here, I'll help that. [*Puts a lampshade on it*]

SEYMOUR: Good interviewer/bad interviewer.

KHIRON: You've done that, too. I think you people have played most of the classic games--and it worked.

LISA: What role is Seymour playing?

KHIRON: I wonder what role he has. I think his presence changes the room.

DARCY: He's like a washcloth. He's like a warm washcloth. Without Seymour here it would be too sharp, I think.

KHIRON: I think without him here you two would be more threatened.

LISA: Ah!

KHIRON: And that would change everything. You wouldn't have been able to do what you just did to me very well.

DARCY: What?

KHIRON: You wouldn't have been able to totally get on top of me like that.

DARCY: Well *maybe*.

KHIRON: Maybe. You're so tough, you could. That's what you think. I'm not insulting you.

DARCY: No, no, you're not insulting me.

KHIRON: Okay.

DARCY: No, you're not!

KHIRON: All human conversation is a struggle. Every person tries to be in charge. I'm getting used to it. It's all a game.

LISA: How old are you?

KHIRON: Thirty-three.

DARCY: I thought you were sixty-five when I heard your voice on the phone. I thought you were going to be an old, decrepit man. And I don't mean that as an insult either.

KHIRON: Oh, I'm not insulted at all. I pay a lot of attention to voices and how they age. It's very interesting.

DARCY: Today I got fired from my job and it just so happens that today I was going to tell her I was going to quit.

LISA: Darcy's very mystic.

DARCY: Today when I was getting something out of the drawer at work I recognized that I had been there before in a nightmare. HAHAAAAHAHA! And so I thought, well, I must be in the right place, since I dreamed about this.

[deep sigh] Anyway, I don't know if that's necessarily the right way to think about it or not. Anyway.

KHIRON: What theory of reality do you conclude from that? Are you saying you believe in the supernatural?

DARCY: I think...well, see, today I'm really confused.

KHIRON: I'm exactly the same. Sometimes I feel strongly that I believe in supernatural, mystic things, and I do a lot of religious things. And sometimes I feel very scientific and materialist, like it's all bullshit. It goes up and down. Everything about me is not consistent.

LISA: Do you think everyone is the same?

KHIRON: NO. Until recently I thought that everyone was just like me and they were all just doing a really bad job of it. And now I think that they actually are just different. They're just happy with a life that would horrify me.

LISA: What proved that to you?

KHIRON: I have no idea. I don't think anything's ever been proven to me. I think I just choose to believe things because, as far as I can tell, everyone just keeps telling you things and you just ignore most of it and now and again you choose to decide to believe one thing. I started noticing that people are really happy—like my wife, she's happy with a life that I had to leave. She wants an ordinary life. She wants a regular job, a t.v., a nice fancy house. She wants a somewhat high standard of living.

LISA: What do you want?

KHIRON: I want to live in the country, in a cheap place with no particular order or schedule in my life—more or less, I want chaos.

LISA: What is your goal?

KHIRON: Oh! I don't know. But I have one. I definitely have one. I find it more and more clearly the more I abandon the stuff that wasn't really my goal. Like my career in science. I have a goal not so much to do something as to become something.

DARCY: I went to the bank and there were all these girls at the bank—I have a crush on lots of girls at the bank. Anyway, so I went up to one of the tellers and the unreality lifted away from me just like in that Zest commercial the soap scum peels off the shower door—

KHIRON: (enthusiastic) Yeah!

DARCY: --and I was looking at her hands as she was counting out the change, and her fingers in particular. And then I realized that when she was ten she used to play the piano. And I asked her if she used to play the piano when she was ten and she said yes. Then I said, "Oh! I knew 'cause of your fingers!" And she looked at me like, *o.k., fine, get out of here.*

LISA: (to Khiron) You were telling me at Perry's that Einstein had gone the path of mysticism.

KHIRON: Einstein had sort of half a mystic's point of view. I think that basically Einstein was a mystic in his approach to the world because mystics say that the world is a machine. Einstein said God doesn't play with dice—there's nothing random. There isn't any free will. This is all a machine; it just goes. And therefore all things are related. And so if you throw a tarot card

down, it really can be related to what's happening in your life. Because it's just part of a machine, and that motion of the card is connected to your life. Whereas a physicist would say, No, the card has no effect on your life, and a psychologist would say, Well that card *could* have some effect on your life. But Einstein's big thing was that there has to be causality. All the cause has to be before the effect. That's the basic assumption of all science and all Einsteinian thinking. And Newtonian thinking too. That there is some kind of orderly flow of time—so that there's a cause and then an effect. Mystics in general and religious people in general have always doubted that. They've always suggested that there is some way to look forward in time or to go backward in time or to undo things. You know, some way to violate cause and effect. That's what we're all hunting for...some way to live past death, for example.

LISA: If there's a cat in a box with some poisonous gas and no one opens the box, it hasn't died.\*<sup>1</sup>

KHIRON: That's another one of the famous conundrums of quantum mechanics.

LISA: I say that ain't right! I'm on the side of the cat.

KHIRON: Um, I know many of the opinions on the topic. This is the whole question of the collapse of the wave function. In quantum mechanics, if you have a particle and you wait for one half life of that particle then there's a fifty per cent chance that it's decayed. But in quantum mechanics it's not true that it's either decayed or not. It's in some kind of strange, nebulous state of having partially decayed—which is what bothers everybody, and which is what bothers Einstein. And so if

<sup>1</sup> "According to the Many Worlds Interpretation, at the instant that the atom decays (or doesn't decay, depending upon which branch of reality we are talking about), the world splits into two branches, each with a different edition of the cat. The wave function representing the cat does not collapse. The cat is both dead and alive. At the instant we look into the box, our wave function also splits into two branches, one associated with the branch of reality in which the cat is dead and one associated with the branch of reality in which the cat is alive." -Gary Zukav, The Dancing Wu Li Masters

*Khiron*



you hook up a Geiger counter to it and a cyanide thing and put it in a box, then there's a fifty per cent chance that the cat is dead. The question is: is the cat in some half dead state, the way the particle's in a half decayed state? People are still arguing about exactly this and doing experiments. The debate is still raging. My personal feeling when I was totally devoted to physics was that the cat would be totally alive or totally dead. Because there was a Russian interpretation by, I think, Landau<sup>2</sup> that says as soon as the number of particles effected by the decay becomes large, then everything's determined, and there's a very statistical meaning to that. So he would say as soon as the particle (presumably that has decayed) hits the first significantly sized material object, which would be the Geiger counter, then there is no longer any uncertainty. And he had a mathematical argument for it that I think works. So that paradox you mentioned—I think it's Schrödinger's cat—to me, that was reasonably resolved by the Russians. That's not universally agreed on at all. Lots of people are still raging about it.

LISA: What do you mean, "statistical meaning"?

KHIRON: If you have one particle, it has a fifty per cent chance of being decayed. But if you have a thousand particles, then nine hundred and ninety-nine of them will be in the same state.

LISA: Why?

KHIRON: I'm not sure I can tell you why. Random fluctuations get smaller when you take a larger sample—which is why when you poll you poll thousands of people.

*[Nobody noticed side A had ended as Darcy talked about how she decided one day that everyone would give her presents, and they did—all these people she knew and didn't know just gave her clothes, ashtrays, anything she asked for.]*

LISA: It didn't pick up the part where Darcy said her mother always told her she would be famous and you told her she already was acting famous.

KHIRON: Yeah, she already takes a bunch of gifts from people. That shows she's acting different and getting acclaim. Madonna would take stuff too. In any group of people there is a king, there is a peasant, there is a slave, there's people of every kind. People look around for help. If you yell "fire" in a theater, watch people's heads turn. There are few people who will look for the exit—most people look at what the other people are doing. Most of them know that they're part of the herd. They look for the leader just like a pack of dogs do. The ones who are the leaders look for the way out and they go and move. The people see that this person is moving with *confidence*—that's what they were looking for, and they follow him. That's the way all of life is. It's charisma—that's what makes a leader. They don't

actually have anything except the *appearance* that they have that.

LISA: You don't think they're different; it's just appearance?

KHIRON: That's a real difference. Maybe that's everything.

DARCY: I think that's true, about the appearance thing. When I go out in public I try to look really, really luxurious so that I get attention, because I want what I want and I want it *then*, because I have to have everything immediately. I don't have *weeks* to just, you know...

KHIRON: That's a good attitude. What will happen is, people will start complaining about you being stuck up and thinking you're better than them, just because you think you're better than them. You *are* better than them if you act better than them, in a certain way—but the only way to get any power is by knowing that you're not better than anybody.

DARCY: The thing is I don't *think* that I am and—

LISA: You should be quiet and listen to him because he's teaching you a very important lesson.

KHIRON: I'm not sure that's true.

LISA: It's a very important lesson for Darcy. Say it again.

DARCY: (enthusiastic) Yeah, say it again!

KHIRON: Humility means, at least in Christianity, to accept that you are literally beneath some king, who they call the Lord, some guy who sits above you and tells you what to do and you just hop or he'll squash you. That's not the right kind of humility, I think. The humility that I've learned now is that everybody is human. Nobody is subhuman and nobody is superhuman. But still, you will do better than other people if you really try hard to do your thing. And it is very tempting to look down on other people because they *seem* so senseless. But probably each one of them is doing very intently what they care about doing, and just ignoring the rest of their life—just like we do. I used to feel very strongly that they should go out and do something and change the world and make it better. Now I started noticing when you go out and change the world you don't really make it better; you just make it different. A guy I know was big in the neo-pagan movement in Berkeley; he was a big founder or something. Then he sort of got tired and started staying home and never left. He doesn't go out for anything—not for parties, nothing. You can go visit him in his house. He has rocks, fossils, and he sits and meditates—stares at them for hours and says he's having a great time; he doesn't want to go to your damn party, he wants to sit and stare at this skull for all night. Everyone gives him a hard time, but what the hell—he's not hurting anyone, he's happy. He's the fool on the hill. I lived on the street for months five, six months ago, and I got to know the street people. And the alcoholic bums in the gutter that everyone holds up as the ultimate archetype of failure—are not at all. They're the ones that are very happy and do a lot of good. And they make total sense. I had a stumbling drunk

<sup>2</sup> CONSPIRACY! according to Rob't Nedelkoff: Lev Davidovitch Landau was in a car accident in 1962 in which he sustained heavy head injuries. Had to start from scratch to learn how to speak and read again. This was two weeks after winning Nobel Prize. Landau was a Jew, which was always considered a minus as far as the KGB were concerned.

walk up to me and mumble incoherently and when I listened to him, he was telling me a deep religious philosophy, and told me he was there with a message for me which made complete sense to me, and then he left. And Jesus said that—he said “out of the mouths of babes” and “don’t turn the beggar from your door.” I think it doesn’t matter what you are, it’s how you do it. If you have style, you can be a good beggar. Or a good king. That’s why I think a person like you [Darcy] should read some ruthless, offensive philosophy like Crowley or Nietzsche. Because that stuff was written for kings. And people get mad about it because it does lead to people being kings and sort of just trampling on the low men in their path—show no mercy. Crowley doesn’t mean what people think. He wrote this thing<sup>\*3</sup> because he saw World War I coming, and then World War II, and he knew this was terrible and he wanted to improve the world so this shit wouldn’t happen. He wrote it in 1905. But you have to take complete responsibility for your own actions and thoughts and feelings, and no responsibility for anyone else’s. That works really well; I recommend it. It’s totally unheard of. Everything in our culture’s based on guilt and blame and obligation. I have to call my mother every week even though it makes me feel terrible because she’ll feel bad if I don’t call her. Well I don’t call my mother any more. I haven’t spoken to anyone in my family for seven years. It was hard; I felt guilty. I got better. I’m not hurting her. She’s sitting around hurting herself with some kind of strange vision that I’m doing something to her. I’m not. I’m just here. I’m just far away from her. Like my wife. I didn’t hurt her by leaving her. All I did was move away. It’s mental discipline to do something hard and not feel guilty about it.

LISA: What was your childhood like?

KHIRON: Oh, my. It was fun for a while then it all went to hell. My parents lived in town for a while and everything was sort of normal; we had kids to play with. Then they moved out to their own strange shack in the country where they lived alone and became alcoholics and it was sort of like *The Shining*. Then they started running a Christian cult group out there and somebody killed themselves, and they still run that cult. That’s one of the reasons why I don’t talk to them—because they run a fanatic cult group. They’re pretty fucked up. You guys are young. If you were born when I was, you’d do this. If you were a teenager in the seventies, then everyone joined a Christian cult group around ‘74. And around ‘80 every one of them broke and they all ran off with the money and each other’s wives. Christianity seems to have taken a nose-dive lately. Maybe people just aren’t so anxious to believe in authority anymore. How old are you?

LISA: Twenty-three. No, twenty-four.

DARCY: I’m twenty-one.

KHIRON: I get the impression you guys are a lot smarter

than I was at your age. The whole world has wised up. My impression is that people around me that are much younger than me are exactly my equal. They are not in any way inferior to me. And they should be.

DARCY: This kid at the pre-school is four, so he’s seventeen years younger than me, and I’ll look at him and get really nervous because I can tell that we’re equals but—

LISA: —but he’s so short!

KHIRON: If you look at a child what you have is a complete soul with this small body that he can’t really express it well through yet. It’s like their instrument and they haven’t learned how to play it yet.

DARCY: I’ve taught maybe sixty kids, and mostly they just scribble when they draw, but the really smart ones, they have a purpose. And their drawing doesn’t look like anything to me, but they know what it is. Later they’ll be able to draw it better, but they had clear ideas all along.

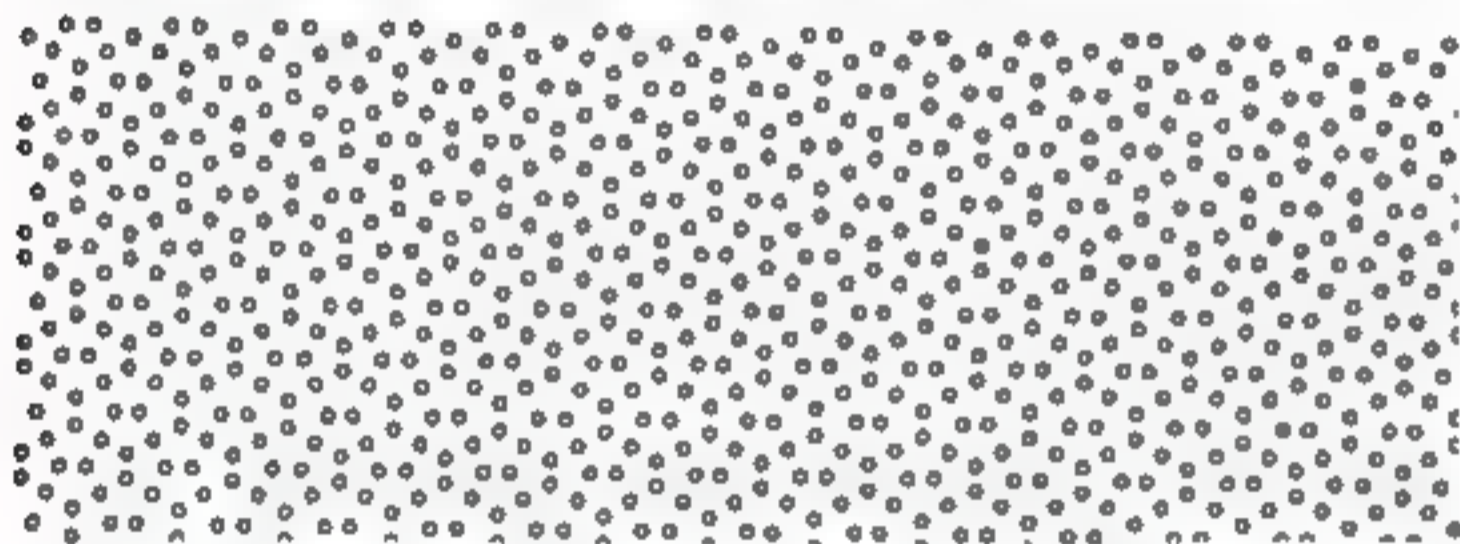
KHIRON: I’m not sure I understand what “smart” is at all. I’m not sure there is such a thing. Maybe there is. But I think this thing called “smart” might be nothing more than being good at using language. ‘Cause people all do weird things, but if you ask them why, they make up an excuse. The ones that make a really good sounding excuse, you call them smart. That’s all it is. I think we do what we do for really primitive reasons. After meditating for almost nine months I concluded that I stayed with my wife because of her singing voice. I didn’t really care how she acted at all as long as I could hear her voice. That took me a long time to figure out. I think people are really simple animals. I think all this science and philosophy is just their excuses to go do what they would do anyway.

LISA: The reason I asked Darcy to interview you was because she always breaks everything up into percentages—like, she identifies situations by the day that it happened, what color dress she was wearing, two puppies out of five.... So I thought that you two would maybe relate on some number level that I don’t know about.

KHIRON: You were correct and I do believe that happened. But I don’t think numbers are an important part of it. I think that numbers display her ruthlessness. Which is good. [To Darcy:] You use numbers because you’re trying to remember the details of things because you’re trying to figure out how to use those details to your own advantage. You’ve been asking me how do you get the power you get from science. And you have it already. You just don’t recognize it because it’s not exactly as wonderful as you wanted it to be. But it’s pretty wonderful. You got all those gifts because you saw the clues—something in their body language, something in the way the day was—you saw in those people that if you asked they’d give it to you. And that’s why you remember the details about things—you suspect the details as being important. And that is what scientists do. They suspect that it really is important to know everything about a little protein—that you really

could do something valuable if you understood that. Whereas other people think it's totally stupid and you should just go do something else. And you can't really argue with them because it is pretty damn stupid to sit around and study one little damn protein for ten years. And the chance that you ever will discover something important is pretty small. You might as well just go do something else, but some people are driven to study details and that's their power. And obviously you're one of them. So am I.

Well! After that, Darcy and Khiron decided to go on a date. Khiron suggested going out to eat. Darcy said where do you want to go? Khiron said let's go to Coddington and buy a t.v. and VCR. And they did! He spent \$700! Then they went to his house and drank whisky and dropped Ecstasy and stayed up all night. Darcy said there was no furniture at his house except milk crates and a black candle burning in the bathtub and garbage bags full of clothes. They tried to arrange these sticks in certain formations but Darcy knocked them over. Then Khiron had another date that morning with a lady named Raven.

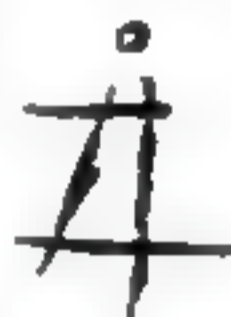


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# ROLLERBUDDIES TALK BACK

## Another Thing to Do with Bad Fanzines...

Soak up pizza grease. (Cindy Dall)

## The Line After "Blinded by the Light" Really Is...

"Ripped up the truce, like a mower tears at height" or maybe it was "a bowler without sight." (Jeff Davidson)

## I Have Neighbors Too...

They are a tiny, scary Oriental couple. They never, ever come out until after dark. At dusk, the man opens his door a tiny crack and peers out suspiciously. If he sees me watching, the door slams shut. If not, he'll scuttle down to Jiffy Mart to buy Price Master cigarettes. (Joyce Slaton)

My friend was living in a run-down hotel. I was visiting him and we heard, from next door, a man's voice saying, "Eat his dink you ambitious cunt or I'll hit ya!" Turns out the guy was alone at the time, rehearsing for a big date that weekend. (Blaine Thurier)

A Neighbor knocked on the door and asked to talk to "thuh striped tights." We figured he meant Darcy, and told her she had a caller. The Neighbor wanted to invite Darcy to see a birth. "Oh," said Darcy, "that's nice. A birth of what?" "Birth of what? Only the significantest example of human supremeness: a *human child*." "I'm busy. Go away," said Darcy. With dignity, the Neighbor turned to leave, but Cindy and I chased after him: "Can we watch the birthing?" The Neighbor not only told us we could come, he also offered us a swig off his beer can --Wildman Brew. We walked two houses down, stopped at a door emblazoned with the following words: "Do Not Disturb. Go Away. We Are Serious." Our guide knocked on the door and said, "Ladies! Ladies! Ladies first!" and pushed Cindy and me ahead into the doorway. The door opened and we saw a calm family of about 15 blondes watching t.v. "Can't read, huh, Richard?" said a little girl

sitting on the floor. "Rita's already been born, Richard;" a man said, "she's eight now." It seems that, for the last eight years, every time Richard gets really wasted he believes Rita's being born. Apparently when Rita really was being born, Richard was supposed to go pick her mother up and drive her to the hospital but he got drunk and forgot. (This information was shouted to me days later by two members of the blonde family out the window of their passing truck.) On the way home, Cindy and I noticed a "Please Don't Piss In Our Yard" sign.

Later that night there was a fight and one Neighbor called another one an "ass-butt." In an apparently unrelated discussion, this threat was uttered: "I'll break *your* ass window!" Harmony returned around midnight with the installation of a red porch light. "Gentlemen of the House of Ill Reputel" was bellowed six times. "And she's an ill-reputing house, too--heh, heh!" came the rejoinder. One semi-sober Neighbor said, "Shh, the people across the way are sleeping." "Fuck the neighbors! They don't know how to have a good time! YOU HEAR THAT, NEIGHBORS? YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HAVE FUN!" Bottles in hand, two of the Neighbors got into their truck and revved the engine repeatedly in a very fun manner while having a dialogue with the Neighbors on the porch about eating bacon and eggs. Sexual reference was made to the one woman they know--Claudia. "If I bring it over, will she heat it up for me?" "AH, HAWHAWHAWHAW!"

Well, we may not have as much fun as them, but at least we get laid once in a while. House of Ill Repute, my foot. On a five dollar dare, my coworker at Perry's got into bed with King Tough Guy Neighbor in 1988 (the same year she came in second place in the Slug Fest--see illustration). King Tough Guy so grossed her out--I was hesitant to press her for details--she got up and walked home at 3 A.M. Left him there with his boner!

I saw King Tough Guy downtown and he yelled at me: "HIIII, Motherrrrrfuckerrrrr!" I'd never heard a woman called motherfucker before. Made me feel proud, somehow. Like the time I was in a big phone fight with this guy and he said "oh, CARVER!" and hung up on me. Made me feel dangerous. (Lisa)

## More Bad Things About Kuck...

She opens brand new english muffin bags and takes a bite out of each one. (Lisa)

"Slugachoke" Second Prize, Guerneville Slug Fest 1988



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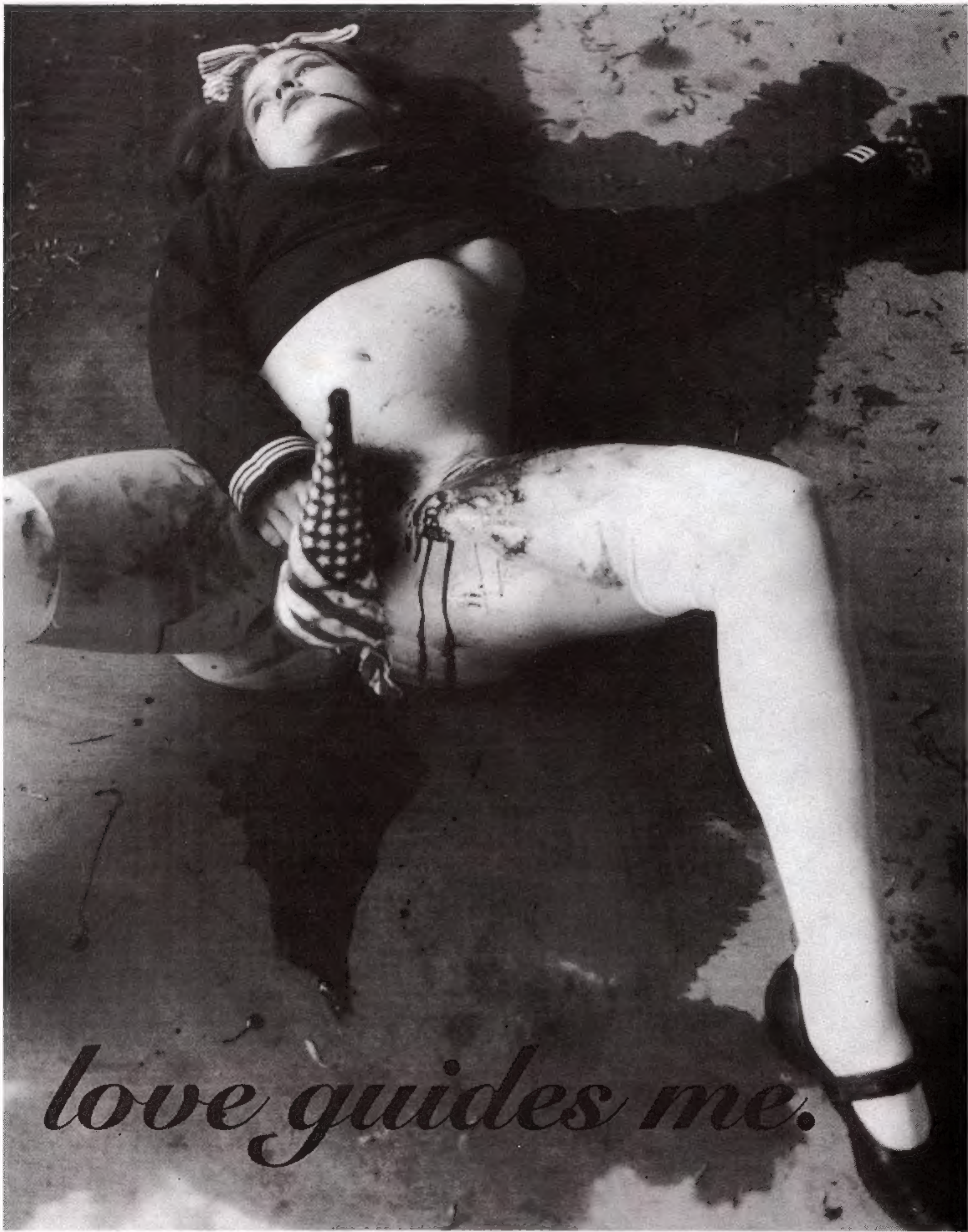
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